Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent Ifaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eat the aire,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th the Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Haue. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calfe there.
Be the Players readie?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother here's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Ladie shall lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrie matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lie between maids legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Iigge-maker, what should a man do but be merrie, for looke you how cherefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the Deuill weare black, for Ile haue a Sute of Sables; O heauens, die two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeare, but ber Ladie a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Enter

2 cosin 6 answer 20 shall I lie
34 deule

The Trumpets sound. Dumbe show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lies him vpon a banke of flowers, shee seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon in another man, takes off his Crown, kisses it, pours poyson in the eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in seem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poison the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accep

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry it is munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischeife.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the Play

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter prolo*
The Players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Ophe. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ha. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you as
to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play

Prologue. For vs and for our Tregedy,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a Ring?

Ophe. Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since Loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sun and Moon
Make vs againe count ere ere loue bd done,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

7 come 9 accepts 11 Marry this munchi
33 be done 35 our former